

# DISTRACTIONS

HEMI-SPHERIC METRICAL MADNESS 1-10

No! Don't go:  
 teach me all you know of  
 how the sunshine makes its climb by  
 dancing with the rainbows mute with mime;  
 and just in case the world of time or space is slow  
 and winter doesn't reach us till July with all its snow  
 I'll travel far and wide: spinning wisdom; till from self  
 I hide and find the other side of night and tilt the world to  
 twenty three of right; for reason never will run out of rhyme  
 nor cease existing at the end of Time.

PYRAMIDAL METRICAL MADNESS 1-10

No!  
 Don't go:  
 teach me all you know:  
 how the sunshine makes its climb  
 dancing with the rainbows mute with mime;  
 and just in case the world of time or space is slow  
 with winter waiting till July to drop its bags of snow  
 I'll travel far and wide: spinning wisdom; till from self I hide  
 and find the other side of night or tilt the world to twenty three of right;  
 since reason never will run out of rhyme nor cease existing at the fall of Time.

# Poetry

## RAIN

Hot sticky days really wear me down  
 As I get up from a nap  
 These long sultry days of ours  
 make me want to plunge from the sky into the river.  
 Watching the fields ache for H2O  
 turning into a hellish color in front of my eyes.  
 The forest fires destroying the trees caused by intense sunlight.

Out of control, with no relief in sight  
 But suddenly, a drop of water from the Heavens.  
 Could it be? Yes!  
 Here come the rain! To save the day.  
 Here it comes again. Here comes the rain.

Babua Pal

## MEDIA BOWL XXXII

**Dear CHSR-FM 97.9, It's that  
 time of year again,  
 wherein we,  
 THE GLORIOUS  
 BRUNS BARBARIANS  
 (17 1/2)  
 challenge you, the lowly  
 CHSR Bunnies of Death  
 (3 1/2) to the  
 Media Bowl  
 October 12  
 (that's Saturday Steve)  
 usual time, usual place  
 warmup you know where**

Violently Yours; da Bruns  
 P.S. Eat Turf

She stands a lady . . .  
 With dignified pride and stature.  
 She stands alone in her class;  
 For like her, there is no other . . .  
 At least none of which I have found.

She stand there . . .  
 So beautiful, exquisitely lovely!  
 Oh, that I could defy mortality  
 And remember her always,  
 Like this;  
 For this body of transience  
 Doth force one to forget --  
 Despite the lover's cry.

Oh shrewd and malevolent matter  
 called human body!  
 What an instigator of mischief;  
 A torturer supreme!  
 I hand from the racks  
 Vanquished; solemnly beaten . . .  
 By such a seemingly friendly foe.  
 Misguided I am,  
 Yet how I do love!

Were she but mine,  
 I'd bind myself to her  
 With new chords of oath  
 Like a fibre entwined I would remain;  
 For she should be mine:  
 She should!

I cannot forget her . . .  
 No, not those vibrant eyes -- her eyes!  
 She must gaze upon me;  
 And when she does  
 I vow the pain I should endure,  
 If she but walks away.  
 I am to endure;  
 For she should be mine!

Please don't make forget  
 That crescent snile of hers; I cannot!  
 She should smile at me  
 and perchance blow me a kiss.  
 For such lips as hers  
 Do within my chest ignite a fire;

A fire I wish not to extinguish  
 But rather re-ignite at every instant.  
 That smile must  
 Upon the pillars of my heart  
 Be emblazoned . . .  
 In golden likeness -- true to my love!  
 She should be mine.

The beauty of my beloved  
 This mortal knoweth not words to recount.  
 For great harm would be done . . .  
 In rendering such a human praise.  
 But never must I forget  
 The awesomeness of her  
 Character!  
 Really, she is sort of majestic . . .  
 And she should be mine.

If only she were to drift slowly by  
 In that luscious cloud of loveliness  
 That always with her travel,  
 Proclaiming her regal presence!  
 Oh, if only . . .

If only she should,  
 At her feet would I be precipitated.  
 If only she should,  
 She should be mine!

by Mark Ireland

SHE SHOULD BE MINE